

The Andrew Republican.

F. M. TAYLOR, Editor and Publisher. SAVANNAH, MO., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1876. Vol. V. No. 17.

SAVANNAH DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

W. CALDWELL, attorney-at-law and Notary Public. Pays special attention to real estate, conveyancing and investigating title. Office east side public square. 24

AND WILLIAMS, Attorneys at Law, Savannah, Mo. Office over Savannah Savings Institution. Will practice in the Courts of this and adjoining counties. 25

BRYAN, attorney at law, will practice in all the courts of Northwest Missouri, attention given to business in the county and state courts. Office over Farmers' 27

S. GREENLEE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office on east side of the square. 28

H. MAJORS, attorney-at-law. Will accept all business entrusted to him and carefully. Can be found at his chambers, two doors east of the Post Office, Savannah, Mo. 34

BAKERY, &c.

SHEDDICK, Eagle bakery, confectionery and restaurant, west side of the square. Parties furnished on short notice. 27

L. STANTON, Auctioneer, will attend to all sales in this line with promptness and care. 29

K. F. C. MATTHEWS supplies our citizens with fresh milk every morning and evening. 30

SOCIETIES.

I. O. O. F.—Savannah Lodge, No. 71, 14, Savannah, Mo., meets every Tuesday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall, northeast corner public square. All members of the order standing, visiting the city, are cordially to meet with us. J. G. HONOLD, N. G. 29

BRYAN, Sec'y. 29

MASONIC—Savannah Lodge, No. 71, A. F. & A. M., meets first and third Saturday in each month, at 7 o'clock p. m. All brothers in good standing are fraternally invited to visit us. B. M. DANFORD, W. M. 29

Joy, Sec'y. 29

BEN FRANKLIN LODGE, No. 33, A. F. & A. M., meets first Saturday in each month, at 10 a. m. All brothers in good standing are fraternally invited to visit us. JOHN L. STANTON, W. M. 29

McFadden, Sec'y. 29

Cooper, Thomas Greenlee.

Cooper & Greenlee,
Dealers in
Furs, Medicines,
Hats, Oils,
Glass, Dye-Staffs,
School Books,
Miscellaneous Books
Blank Books,
Stationery,
WALL PAPER,
Binding Paper,
Picture Frames,
Mirrors, Mouldings,
Window Shades,
Pocket Knives,
Shoulder Braces,
Trusses, Lamps,
and Articles, Notions, &c.
PRICE FAMILY GROCERIES.
REDEN SEEDS, &c.
Drug Store, (lately occupied by Dobbins), south side of the public square, Savannah, Mo.
Feb 16 1875—6m.

M. TYRREL,
UNDERTAKER.

FUNERALS CAN BE HAD AT ANY
time day or night—Shop Northeast
corner of Public Square,
SAVANNAH, MISSOURI.
Feb 1. 1875—m.

Home Insurance

Farmer's Insurance Company,
Holt County, will insure Farm
property in Andrew County. Apply to
Secretary, or local Agent appointed
in Grange.

H. B. TALBOT, President.
BRAYTON, Secretary. no31f

E. W. JOY.
in MARBLE, MONUMENTS,
HEADSTONES, TABLETS, &c.
East corner Public Square, Savannah
Mo., prepared to fill orders for Cen-
otaphs, from a good selection of designs.
Work well and promptly executed
on the most reasonable terms.
Feb 11, 1876—17.

Correspondence.

Special Correspondence to the REPUBLICAN.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 1, '76.

DEAR EDITOR:—May I crave your indulgence for a short time and ask to trespass upon your valuable space while I quietly review the passing events of a week in Washington!

Soon after arriving here I sought and found our worthy Representative, David Rea, and lady, occupying parlors in the Grant building, where might have said grand building, as it is among the finest edifices in the metropolis. Judging from observation we are convinced that our honorable friend will make a creditable record both for himself and his constituents. As we see him untiringly laboring from morning till late at night, in the interests of right. His amiable wife and lovely little daughters, Alice and Ida, seem to enjoy themselves very much in their new and pleasant home on Capitol hill, almost under the shadow of the great dome of the Nation's Capitol.

Nine years since it was our fortune to spend a portion of the winter in Washington, and the changes that have since then taken place in and about the city have been many and important. That portion east of the Capitol was then almost wholly unoccupied, but is now, in our opinion, the most beautiful and highly improved part of the city. Most of the streets are paved with either concrete or Nicholson, and are kept most scrupulously clean. Street sweepers are drawn over them by double teams every night, and in the morning they look like a house swept out with a new broom; and the improvements in the grounds around the Capitol building are so grand as to beggar any description I can give them, hence I demur any attempt at an exhibition of my ignorance of architectural or scientific phraseology; for to describe these improvements in both grounds and structures, it would necessitate some considerable knowledge of technical language.

But now for a little time let us look in upon the legislators and lobbyists. Comparing the present with the past we see as great a change and improvement in the appearance and character of our National Legislators as we do in the city. When here nine years ago it was no rare thing to see drunken men in and around the Capitol. But I am glad to state that no such unpleasant sight has come under my observation during my daily visits to Congress. And, Dear Editor, will not you and your intelligent readers rejoice in such a salutary change in the Legislative Department of our Government?

During the sessions the lobbies are crowded with earnest workers, each intent on presenting his claim—and in the mornings and evenings the leading hotels are thronged with lobbyists from all parts of the country, button-holing and collaring almost every Senator and Representative they meet, and if they fail to happen to meet them in public places, they soon learn the way to their private residences, and do not hesitate to intrude themselves upon the quiet of home.

All things temporal are said to be very uncertain and insecure; but of all the uncertain things of time, government appointments perhaps are the most so—for often when those in high positions, as well as those in places of less importance, think themselves well established, and begin to live at their ease, some little incidental and unforeseen event happens, and it the morning they awake to learn that while they were sweetly sleeping the conscious sleep of virtue and innocence (?) some secret foe was consummating his long cherished and concealed plans; and, alas, they awake in the morning to find that their invaluable services are no longer needed, and another is appointed to their

place. And thus it goes, so that the law of succession in office has become quite common here; for instance, in the Pension office, as our good neighbor, Hon. A. M. Atkinson, from just over the line can testify, and as you doubtless have already learned. His successor, Chas. R. Gill, of Wisconsin, assumed the duties of Commissioner of Pensions to-day. We called on Mr. Atkinson, at his office, last week, and found him pleasantly engaged in his duties as Commissioner, and then he did not seem to have the remotest idea of his removal.

Trusting that you in your "sanctum" are less troubled by political movements, and are more happy than many who are here, and that I shall soon be back to the quiet of my own pleasant town and home, I remain,

Truly yours,
"FORE AND AFT."

From Rochester Township.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—As I am aware that all local items are eagerly sought after by the many readers of your valuable paper, I venture to send to your columns for publication, if deemed of sufficient importance, an item or two from Rochester Township.

A DWELLING BURNED.

About 10 o'clock on last Sunday morning, the dwelling house of Mr. Wesley Batey, situated just west of the Woodlawn School House, was discovered by his three little boys to be on fire; they being out on the place watering the stock at the time. The eldest, Jefferson, a lad some fourteen years of age, dispatched the younger brothers to the nearest neighbors for aid, while he, himself, ran to the house and endeavored to extinguish the devouring flames. As the spring of water was a long distance from the house, and but a small quantity of water in the barrel in the wagon, (as it was customary to haul the water from the river,) his efforts proved unavailing, and the house, together with everything in and about it was consumed, except the sewing machine and a few other articles, which the boy was able to remove from the building. The parents had gone on the evening previous to attend a meeting of the Grange and to remain over night with some relatives, about two miles distant, and were absent at the time of the accident. The origin of the fire is supposed to be a spark or coal blown from the stove, and which attached to, or caught, the pine floor and rapidly spread to the building, before a strong wind from the south. The meat, lard, and wareing apparel of the family were all destroyed. Mr. Batey, like too many other persons, now-a-days, can ill afford to lose what was there destroyed, and his condition calls as justly as it does loudly upon the charity of the community for aid. I have no doubt but what his many personal friends and the Granges in the county will cheerfully respond to the unavoidable demands made upon them in his case. There is a large family of small children dependent on the parents, who are worthy of all the confidence and sympathy of their race. Too much commendation cannot be made of the heroic and manful conduct of the son Jeff, in his efforts to save the endangered property. Few boys of his age could have retained their presence of mind and done as he did.

MONEY STOLEN.

A few nights since, the dwelling of Mr. Manley Files, some three miles south of Rochester, was entered by some unknown person, in the absence of the owner, while his father, Jacob Files, an aged soldier of the war of 1812, was in the bed on the first floor, but still awake, and the pants of the old man, which were under his head and in the pockets of which there was some \$40. of the old man's pension money, taken out and left in the highway, rifled of the pocket-book and money. When the man came in to the house, the old gentleman

spoke to him, supposing him to be his son Manley, but received no received no reply. The old gentleman is about 98 years of age, and could not secure the thief or the money. There is no clue to, or suspicion of, the person guilty of the daring and bold robbery. It was evidently some person acquainted with the circumstances and the house.

VERITAS.

January 31st, 1876.

The Late Homicide in Holt County
—Statement of the Case by the Acting Coroner.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: As there are numerous reports going through the country in regard to the murder of Hiram Lawrence, of Holt county; and as I live in one and a half miles of his place, was on the hunt for him, was present when he was found, also had the jury summoned at his inquest, heard all the evidence and received the verdict of the jury. I think I can give a correct account of the affair. The jury gave a verdict that Hiram Lawrence came to his death from shooting and clubbing by the hands of John Lawrence; which everything so far goes to prove. We found tracks of both parties going to the place where he was found, the boots of both parties fitting precisely. We also found blood on John Lawrence's boots; also found blood on the overcoat he had on. Hiram Lawrence's mother, an aged lady, testified under oath, that she gave Hiram Lawrence two fifty dollar bills on Saturday, before he was killed on Saturday night. One of said bills I, in company with others, found in a barrel of Millet seed in the smoke house near the dwelling of Hiram Lawrence, the other bill he got changed we think, as he, John Lawrence, stated under oath, before the inquest, that he only had twenty dollars on Monday, which we can prove is false. We have also tried the revolver with which we think he did the shooting, which shoots just as he said it would; it is an old Colt's Navy, when fired, it all goes off, three or four barrels at the same time. There is a hole in Hiram Lawrence's hat two and a half or three inches from the rim, which went through the barrel of the pistol, and one on each side of the rim of the hat, that went out of the cylinder, one ball struck in the side of the face and the other in the back of the neck. John Lawrence told me on the same day we found Hiram Lawrence, and while hunting for him, that he had shot the same pistol a few days before and it went off three at a time. I, with others, have tried it four times at a hat and it shoots holes in the hat just as they are in Hiram Lawrence's hat, found by him. All the evidence goes to prove John guilty. He took a change of venue from me and will have a preliminary examination before E. D. Richmond, in Craig, on Monday, the 31st, have had two different days set for examination before, but was postponed.

I will give you the particulars after the examination. If you have room for this in your paper, you can publish.

Yours respectfully,
T. C. SIMPSON.

Craig, Holt county, Mo., Jan. 29, '76.

The examination has been concluded and the accused held to answer a charge of murder.

In Memoriam.

At a regular communication of Ben Franklin Lodge No 353, A. F. & A. M., held at their hall, in Savannah, Mo., January 1st, 1876, the undersigned were appointed to draft resolutions on the death of William T. Clasby, expressive of the feelings of the Fraternity of which he was a member.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe to take into His rest our beloved brother and friend, William T. Clasby, thus releasing him from the labors of life, in the vigor of manhood, and at a period in life when his counsel and protection were most needed in his family. Therefore,

Resolved, That this Lodge receives the Providence in sorrow and sadness, and yet in humble resignation;

for while by his death, the ties of fraternity and affection which united us have been severed, to him death could not have come an unexpected messenger.

Resolved, That in his death this Lodge has been deprived of one of its most exemplary members, society of a genial companion, his beloved wife and children an affectionate husband and a kind and devoted father.

Resolved, That while we mourn the loss of one so useful to us and to society, and so dear to his bereaved family, we fully recognize the hand of Him who has poured light upon the grave and opened the glorious prospect of endless life beyond the river of death.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his family and relations in their affliction, and can only share with them our consolation, that as he was faithful in life, so we are assured that his end is peace, and he now enters into the enjoyment of eternal rest.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect and love for our deceased brother, it is ordered that the hall of this Lodge be draped in suitable mourning for the period of thirty days, and that the accompanying memorial and these resolutions be ordered upon our record book.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of the deceased as a testimonial of our deep sympathy in their bereavement, and that copies be sent to our city papers, with a request that they publish the same.

Respectfully submitted,
E. A. CARSON,
C. H. GEE,
J. A. SANDERS. } Com.

PETER BENNETT'S CASE.—If Mr. Stephens should be at home, and his mind not be absorbed by public affairs, the visitor will find in him the best and most prolific anecdotalist of the day.

One story—alas that he can not sit in the types to tell it!—is the Peter Bennett speech. A Dr. Royston, doubtless a most excellent man, had sued Mr. Bennett, a farmer, for his bill. "Little Aleck," as Alexander is mimicked by his friends, told his client, Peter B., that the case of service and its value were proved against him in legal form, and there was no real defense. But the old farmer insisted that his lawyer should "speak to the case." Mr. Stephens told him that he ought to speak himself if he thought a speech could be made, and was surprised by the retort, "I will, if Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on me." Mr. Toombs promised, and Peter Bennett began:

"Gentlemen of the jury. I ain't no lawyer and no doctor, and you ain't neither. And if we farmers don't stick together, these here lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no objections to lawyers and doctors in their place, and some is clever men, but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury. Now this Dr. Royston was a new doctor, and I sent for him to come and doctor my wife's sore leg. And he did, and put some salve truck on it and some rags, but never done it a bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he's no doctor, no way. There's doctors I know is doctors, sure enough, but this ain't no doctor at all."

This was evidently telling, and Dr. Royston put in with, "Look at my diploma, and see if I am not a doctor."

"His diploma!" said the new-fledged orator, with great contempt. "That ain't nothin', for no piece of paper ever made a doctor yet."

"Ask my patients," shouted the now furious physician.

This was the conventional straw that seemed to break the back of the orator's patience. "Ask your patients!" he said, in a low mournful deliberation. "Ask your patients! Why, they're all dead." Then, in rapid declamation, he named case after case, well known, but mostly among the negro servants of his neighbors, where his opponent had treated them and their owners buried them, and continued: "Ask your patients! Why, I would have to seek them in the lonesome church yard, and rap on the silent tomb to get answers from the dead. You know they can't say nothin' to this case, for you've killed them all!" The applause closed the speech, and the defendant had his case.—Henry W. Cleveland, in Harper's Magazine for February.

It seems that during the closing excitement of Mr. Blaine's speech on amnesty, Mr. Jones, of Kentucky, came down near the desk and asked leave to print some remarks. His request was made quietly and attracted no attention. A few days after a most virulent speech appeared in the Record, in which he extols those who fought for the rebellion; asserts that the cruelties practiced in Northern prisons were such as would harrow up the soul; the inhumanities practiced were unworthy of earth and cried to heaven. He closed with a glowing eulogy upon Jeff Davis.